delicious moments, by affording me an opportunity of serving and obliging. I am not one of those who think there is no gratitude in man; on the contrary, I am persuaded, from my own experience, that there Is a great deal of it in the world. The almost sole pleasure of my present situation is the power of rendering *de petits services,* and sometimes very essential ones, to the persons who ask for them.

I wish *I* had time to take a trip to St. Germain, to see poor Basile, who writes me word—

"When you saw me last I was working for pleasure in my garden, and now it Is for a livelihood; it is my only support/' The tears fell from my cheeks as I read his letter, so full of *onction* and of cordial affection.

To return to Major Gall, whom *I* have left in a Shandying style. *I* think our friends, *al solito,* have taken him *en grippe,* because he Is now poor. His fortune was placed in France, and then came the deluge, which swept all fortunes from the face of the earth. He is cheerful, grateful, sensible and well-informed—que voulez vous de plus?

I do not suppose any of my letters

can mis-
carry; but as I write a regular account
of every-
thing *(taute $ amusement)* p ay
acknowledge their
receipt.